

I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through ages long,
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babel of the Babel,
Oh, the flutter of the fuses!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women,
Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen;
And of all them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While, of children, oh, how many
Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to Heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them, and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little, happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages of all ages
That our planet ever knew—
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars and faints;
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion,
Such a motley crowd would make;
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
Oh, the babel of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuses!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us.

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE.

The long summer days had crept slowly away, and it was nearly five o'clock. The hours at the railway station were marked as by a gigantic clock that told the lagging minutes by screaming whistle and changing bell. The 4:30 accommodation had gone east, the Western express, due there at 4:55, had thundered through the village, gone on over the great viaduct, and disappeared round the vast curve beyond.

So one counted the hours by the trains, Lydia by name, a girl of the best New England type, quiet, and yet with an immense capacity for doing and daring should love and the occasion demand. The local freight would come next, and then—then she would see him again. She laid aside her work, put some split-zephyr vanity upon her head, and went out toward the railroad. As she approached the station she saw her brother, the station-master, opening the little freight-house on the farther side of the track. By this she knew that the local freight would stop this time. Her heart beat the faster and she quickened her step. On reaching the passenger station where the village street crossed the railway, she looked up and down the line, and then crossed over and turned to the left and walked beside the track toward the freight house.

To understand all that took place on this occasion, and to fully appreciate her consummate skill in controlling the events so quickly to crowd upon her, we must study the construction of the road at this point. The main line for more than a mile to the right, or toward the east, was perfectly straight and comparatively level. To the left, or the west, it crossed a deep valley by a lofty stone viaduct, and beyond the valley it curved toward the north and mounted the hill by a long grade. Just east of the passenger station a branch road entered the main line, and there was, as might be supposed, a cross-over switch. Beyond the passenger station, on the west, was a short siding, ending in a small freight-house, and directly opposite was another siding with a freight-shed and coal-yard. At this point there was also another cross-over switch.

Lydia walked on past the freight-house, and crossing the side track found a large, flat rock beside the way, and there, under the shade of an ancient apple tree, she sat down to wait till her lover should come.

He comes! She heard the three long whistles sounding far down the line, and a bright blush mounted to her face. The train would stop. That was the signal for the station-master. Her brother came out of the freight-house, spoke pleasantly to her, and then walked on toward the switch at the head of the siding.

Suddenly the main-line track before her began to sing in sharp metallic murmurs. The train had entered that section of the road, and he was near. Then there came the sound of escaping steam. The engine was slowing down, and the steam, no longer employed, was bursting with a loud roar from the safety-valve as if impudently of delay.

With a jar that shook the ground the immense freight-engine rolled past her, and the engineer, leaning out of his window, nodded to her as he slid past. Then the cars in long procession came into

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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sight and moved past with slowly increasing speed. Four brakemen busy at the brakes went past, and still he came not. At last the rear car appeared, and a young man swung himself down from the iron ladder on the car and sprang to the ground at her feet.

A sooty man clad in blue canvas, now black with smoke and dust. Only a brakeman! No, a trifle better—the conductor of the freight train. A year ago he had been glad to take the place of a brakeman, and already he had been promoted. Love did it. He had met and loved Lydia in the days of his idleness, and she had insisted that he do some manly work or she could not—yes, she could and did love him, but he must show himself worthy her love. Already he had advanced, and she was well pleased with his progress, and they had become engaged.

A grimy, dusty man in unlovely garments, but in her mind he was made for better things. As he stood beside her one could see in his clear eyes and sensible face that he had good stuff in him and was worthy of her love.

It becomes us not to linger while they talk quietly together beside the track. The train moved slower and slower till, finally, it stopped with the last car just beyond the switch. The iron horse was moved on, the station-master signalled with his arms in a curious fashion, and each of the four brakemen repeated the motion in turn. White puffs of steam rose high in the air from the further end of the train. A curious, rattling sound spread through the train, and the last car backed down, turned aside and entered the siding. The station-master left the switch and came hastily towards the lovers. "Good day, Alfred. Light freight to day, only one car—by the way the brake chain is broken and you had better drop the car at the repair shops. The freight can be thrown out without leaving the car."

So saying the station-master went on into the freight-house, followed by the rattling and rumbling cars. They gradually lost their speed, and then came to a stop, with the end of the train lost in the dark cavern of the freight-house. There was a shout from the building, and then one of the brakemen began to move his arms as a signal to go on. Again the white puff of steam shot up in the distance, and with a jar and quiver the train started again.

Car after car rolled past them. There were hurried whispers, a warm hand-shake and perhaps a kiss, and then the young man swung forward, grasped the ladder on the last car, climbed quickly to the top and sat down. She stood gazing after him as he was drawn away from her, and smiled and waved farewell to him with her handkerchief.

"Here, Lydia, you must help me." It was her brother who stood beside her with a bunch of keys in his hand. "The passenger train follows this at once, and I must go to the station. Will you please close the switch after them?"

She took the keys mechanically, and then turned again to gaze upon her lover seated on the last car of the retreating train. It had passed out of the switch and was crossing the great viaduct and moving more and more swiftly away. To close and lock the switch was neither difficult nor dangerous, and she quietly walked on toward the end of the siding till she came to the switch-post. Here she leaned against the wooden frame for a little space, shading her eyes from the sun with one hand and watching the train. It had run around the valley and was turning into the great curve that crept upward in a long grade over the hill beyond.

It was now a mile away and she could no longer distinguish any one on the cars. She turned slowly away, seized the iron bar of the switch and easily threw it over into place, so as to leave the main line open for the next train.

She looked down the road, and saw that the passenger train had entered the line from the branch, and was just pulling up a station to discharge passengers. It may seem surprising that a passenger train should be allowed to follow a freight train so closely.

Bad engineering as this arrangement was, it was not so serious as it seemed, for this passenger train did not follow the freight except for three miles, when it reached the end of its trip and was

turned off on the siding.

She turned once more to look after the retreating freight train. It was in full view, climbing the grade on the great curve.

Suddenly she put up both hands to shade her eyes and leaned forward on the switch frame. What has happened? Two tiny puffs of steam rose from the engine. It was the signal to stop.

Ah! the train is parted! Faint and far away came the short, sharp danger whistle. A single car had broken loose from the train and had been left behind! It was standing alone on the track.

No. It was moving backward. It was beginning to roll down the grade. It was moving faster and faster. There was a man upon it—her lover.

Involuntarily she spread out her arms and let them fall to her side three or four times in succession—the signal to put on the brakes.

"How foolish! He cannot see me, and—" She leaned against the switch frame and shook with fear and agony.

The brake was broken.

Swift and swifter rolled the disabled car. It was coming down the track, gaining speed at every rod.

She sprang to the middle of the track and tried to shout to the engineer of the train at the station. She made the motions to back down out of danger. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and her cry became an inarticulate moan.

Onward came the car. She could see her lover upon it frantically waving his arms from right to left. What did he mean? Her brain seemed to be on fire. She could do nothing but gaze on the advancing car in dumb horror.

Ah! The passengers? Could she not save them?

With a violent wrench she opened the switch again and stood holding the bar in both hands; Better so—better one life lost than a dozen. Her feet seemed belted to the ground. She must stay and see him killed and by her own hand.

The rails began to murmur with the tread of the advancing car now rushing furiously on to destruction.

Ah! why had she not thought of it before?

The cross-over switch? Could she reach it in time she might save him. She snatched the key from the switch and ran with frantic speed up the line. She never knew how she opened that switch.

With moans and cries she threw herself across the line and began to run down the other side. Could she reach the switch before the car? Its roaring rang in her ears. Panting, with almost bursting bosom, she reached the switch, opened it and stood clinging to it as the car came thundering over the viaduct.

She looked up at her lover upon the car. He had seen and understood the change in the switches. His car, helpless though it was, would cross over to the down track and roll harmlessly along the level line till its force was spent. He was saved, and by her ready wit and skill. The passengers in the train were also saved.

She had saved him! Love had been her inspiration.

"Great heavens! what's that? The express! The down express was coming!"

All was in vain. She was lost. She saw him throw up his arms in despair. The very plan she had devised to save him would be his destruction. Better far to have thrown him off upon the siding as she had intended. Now he would meet a more dreadful death, and the destruction would include scores of lives instead of a dozen.

All this flashed through her mind like a lightning. She felt her knees give way beneath her, and she clung to the switch in despair. She shut her eyes to hide the coming disaster.

Hark! The whistle on the express. They had seen the imminent collision, and were doing their best to avert it.

She, too, must do something. With a bound she sprang to the next switch, tore it open and stood panting and moaning beside it with the bar in her hand. She must save the train, even if she buried her lover under the splintered wreck of the car.

Onward came the car, thundering over the viaduct, and just ahead of the

train. It turned quickly at the switch, crossed over and shot passed her into the sidings. He had one look at her upturned face. It was full of love and helpless misery. She was sending him to certain destruction—to save the express train.

The instant the car passed she closed the switch, and sprang back again to the other switch and closed it just in time to see the express train sweep past in safety.

In an instant the helpless car ran into the freight-house with an awful, splintering crash. The express pulled up opposite the station, and in a moment a crowd of people ran shouting and frantic up the line. Some of them had seen the whole performance and knew what it meant, but for the majority of them it was a tragic mystery.

They found Lydia upon the ground by the switch, and with the keys still clutched in her hand. What had she done? What had happened to her?

She could not answer. Nature had mercifully taken away her senses. They took her up tenderly and carried her to the station and laid her upon a seat in the waiting-room. The passengers of the two trains crowded the room and offered every aid, for in some vague manner they began to understand that she was the creditor to the value of their lives. She had paid for their safety with costly sacrifice.

The freight train backed down to the cross-over switch, and the engineers of the three trains met and began to examine the positions of the switches. A number of men also came from the express train, and among them was one who seemed in authority. He, too, examined the line carefully, and the engineers explained the matter to him, and listened to his remarks with becoming deference.

The little room in the station was packed with people, idlers and others and they could with difficulty bring him in.

"No," said one of the ladies who were trying to restore the girl. "It may be too great a shock for her. She must not see him yet."

"Make way there, gentlemen. The Superintendent of the road is here."

The crowd moved slightly, and the Superintendent advanced into the room. He took off his hat and spoke quietly to the people near, and then he stooped over the unconscious girl and softly kissed her like a father.

"She saved all our lives, and I fear she thinks she paid dearly for them."

Suddenly she opened her eyes and sat up bewildered.

"Where is he? Is he much hurt? Oh! Perhaps he is!"

"Let me alone, I tell you," cried a big, bold voice in the crowd, "I must go to her."

He escaped from those who would detain him, and in a moment he was beside her.

Some of the people laughed in foolish joy, others cried. The more delicate and sensible were silent, for the meeting was not for words or description.

After a slight pause the Superintendent said to the young man:

"I congratulate you, sir. You were on the car?"

"Yes, sir. I was on the car, and saved myself at the last moment by jumping off. I landed on a pile of fine coal and got a rough tumble—and that was all. The car is a heap of splinters."

The Superintendent called the young man nearer to him and spoke to him privately, and presently they both shook hands as if greatly pleased over something. The young man sat down beside the girl and whispered in her ear: "I've got the place, Lydia. We're all right now."

Then the bells rang, and the people began to disperse toward their trains. As they departed, a small creature—probably a stockholder—objected to the proceedings and remarked to the Superintendent that "it was not best to give fat offices to brakemen for doing nothing."

"Precisely," said the Superintendent. "But the woman did something, and if you wish to know the full measure of her splendid deed, go put yourself in her place."

Burke said: "Never despair; and, if you do, work in despair."

Tyndall on Spontaneous Generation.

The closing words of Professor Tyndall's recent lecture on the origin of life, before the Royal Institution in London, leaves no chance for misunderstanding. He said: "This discourse is but a summing up of eight months of incessant labor. From the beginning to the end of the inquiry there is not, as you have seen, a shadow of evidence in favor of spontaneous generation. There is, on the contrary, overwhelming evidence against it; but do not carry away with you the notion sometimes erroneously ascribed to me, that I deem spontaneous generation 'impossible,' or that I wish to limit the power of matter in relation to life. My views on this subject ought to be well known. But possibility is one thing and proof is another; and when in our day I seek for experimental evidence of the transformation of the non-living into the living, I am led inexorably to the conclusion that no such evidence exists, and that in the lowest as in the highest of organized creatures, the method of nature is that life shall be the issue of antecedent life."

African Ants.

Bishop Gilbert Haven, giving in the Independent some of his experiences in Western Africa, has the following to say about ants:

"The drivers! Who are they? Natives or Yankees? You can't guess in twenty questions. I will relieve you, in part. They are the buzzards, the cleaners-up of the country. Without them vermin of every sort would flourish without let or hindrance. They are the great foe of bedbug, rat and mouse and cockroach (oh! for a few on this ship!) and the innumerable sorts of such that are bred by hot countries and not too particular people. What still can they be my pretty prattler for whom I write this? Your ten-year-old baby, not you, reverend sir, or sister, if the last is admissible in our present pause in progress—I will tell you, not your superiors in their own conceit. They are ants. They move across the country in lines no wider than an inch, but miles long. When they approach a house they deploy, put their column into fighting order, and advance on the enemy. The housewife sees them coming, and gets herself and family out of the way. Gets out of the way too, her dog and cat and bird and cow and goat. For if these do not escape they are doomed. The mice hear the tread of these armed ones and shrink behind the arras. The bugs that have tormented you, fleas, and worse, are devoured. Not a bone of flea or rat is left to tell the tale. They go from garret to cellar, sweep it-dry of living creatures, and depart. If you attack them, they sting furiously. A gentleman told me that they came into his house, 'millions and millions.' He had to send off his goat and cow and poultry, or they would have eaten them up. They did not touch any of the family. They spent the night quietly in their beds, while the visitors were cleaning the house. I should have preferred to have spent the night away, if their bed had been such as I have been of late privileged to enjoy in partnership, and allowed them to give them a cleaning also."

When through with their job, and every roach and mouse and bug is faithfully 'done for,' they fall into line and move on to the next ranch. They are a serviceable race. Such was the black column I saw crossing the path when going up to Liberia College. Such are the 'drivers,' the most industrious, energetic and successful people in these parts. They have their foes. What good people have not? The red ant doesn't surrender, nor does the ant-eater. The former is too much for them in courage, the latter in capacity."

Two acquaintances meeting on a wet day, one greeted the other with: "Beautiful rain, this. Fetching things out of the ground." Second friend (disconsolately): "Hope not, sir, hope not. Got two wives there, sir."

A female called for a Welsh rabbit at a restaurant, and denounced the waiter because there was no part of a rabbit in the dish served. "And no later than yesterday," said the wearied waiter, "there was a man in here who growled because there was a hare in the butter; can't please 'em all, anyway."

Trials of Newspaper Men.

One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession is that its members are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, go all the weaknesses of the world; all the vanities that want to be puffed; all the revenges that want to be reaped; all the mistakes that want to be corrected; all the dull speakers that want to be thought eloquent; all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns, in order to save the tax of the advertising columns; all the men who want to be set right who were never right; all the cracked brained philosophers with stories as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger-nails in mourning because bereft of soap—all the bores who come to stay five minutes but talk five hours.

Through the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day after day, and the temptation is to believe in neither God, man or woman. It is no surprise to me that in this profession there are some skeptical men; I only wonder that journalists believe anything.—*De Witt Tammage.*

A New Street Light.

A new light that promises, in a large measure, to supersede gas in the streets, has of late been successfully applied in several places in Germany and France. Sticks of charcoal, summounted by an isolating matter, which slowly melts away, are consumed by electricity. With two of these electric candles it is claimed a light equal to that of one hundred gas jets may be thrown on a street. The cost is about half that of gas, and the light is of the best quality. It has also the recommendation that there is no danger whatever of fire from the electric candles. The new light has been introduced in forty large establishments in France and is destined, many believe, to be soon the only light that will be used in large rooms, public places, and manufactories. Out-door work can be carried on by night as well as by day, by means of the new light, since it has almost a sunlight clearness and intensity. A German paper, speaking of the invention says: "We are evidently on the eve of as great a revolution in lightning as when gas superseded oil lamps and tallow candles."

The Weasel's Stratagem.

A grist-mill was infested with large rats, until a weasel came there and destroyed nearly all of them. There was, however, one large rat which he could not conquer. They had several pitched battles in which the rat whipped the weasel, until, whenever the rat appeared, weasel would seek safety in flight. They were watched for several days, when the weasel was observed to be digging a hole in the earth, under a pile of lumber. After he had completed it, he approached the mill, and the rat came after him as usual. He made some show of fight until he got the rat interested, and then ran in to his hole. The rat followed, when the weasel was seen to come out at the other end of the hole, and run in at the entrance after the rat. Subsequent examination proved that the weasel had made the hole large enough for the rat to enter, but had contracted the other end so that he could not get out. Having thus trapped his antagonist, the weasel easily conquered him.

It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness but by few. The merit which gives greatness and renown diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat.

The love of display which results in vulgar ostentation is the result of selfishness, of a desire to excite the envy of others rather than the wish to share benefits with them—an effort to appear great without striving to be great in reality.

A girl in Allegany county thinks she is haunted by the ghost of Edgar A. Poe.

Mr. Seward's Account of His First Attempt to Make a Speech.

The autobiography of the late William H. Seward, from 1801 to 1834, edited by his son, W. H. Seward, just published, contains, in a letter to his wife, the great Secretary's account of his first essay to make a speech in the legislature. He wrote: "Night before last I said to myself, 'Henry Seward, you are a fool to be afraid of your shadow. Show yourself a man. Bring up the salt business, and prove to those who misconstrue your diffidence into meanness that the one shall not seal your lips and that the other attribute does not belong to you.' So I drew my resolution, which you will see in yesterday's paper. I made out a brief of what I would say in favor of it, 'screwed my courage to the sticking point,' consulted Tracy and Maynard. They approved, and I went to the House, took my seat, paper in hand. By the time that I could properly offer the resolution I grew faint-hearted, thought I would postpone it till Monday—let the opportunity almost pass by—thought once more of it, and with a motion of uncommon energy, I found myself on my feet."

"Mr. President," said I, and thick darkness was before me. 'I offer the following resolution.' Imagine my consternation when I heard the President announce in the usual form, 'the senator from the seventh district offers the following resolution.' It was read while I was endeavoring to recall one word of what I had meant to say. To make my embarrassment tenfold greater, I discovered the Regency men took alarm. Two or three were on their feet at once, and moved that the resolution be laid on the table. I felt relieved, because I was released from speaking upon it that day. I sat down after consenting to the postponement. In the evening Regency came to know what I meant. The newspapers reported the offering of the resolution, and I was hailed by all the anti-Regency men as a hero for my bold determination to bring to light the pecculations on the treasury."

Progress in Europe.

President White of Cornell, finds evidence of progress in most of the countries he has visited abroad. In a recent letter he says:

"I look back upon my stay in Venice with especial pleasure, and not merely on account of the usual attractions of Venetian life. It is a delight to see the old glory of the Queen of the Adriatic reviving under the influence of the new Italian liberty and unity. Every day in rowing in the Lido we met magnificent ocean steamers, some of them fresh from the far East. The commerce with India, lost to Venice through the enterprise of Vasco da Gama, seems likely to be regained through the energy of Lessops. Genoa is, indeed, taking the lead in general commerce, but Venice is coming forward bravely. The visit to Padua, which I had four times hurried through in former years, was full of interest. Of course we went through everything in the University there, as we had previously done at Bologna. Austrian progress, since she cut loose from the church, is also evident. Munich, too, has improved somewhat, but not so much so far as appearances go, as many other cities of Germany. On the whole, as I look back over the space separating this from my former visit, I feel cheered and strengthened by the evidence of progress everywhere in Europe."

Our good Americans are wretchedly mistaken in supposing that the only or the main progress of the world during the last twenty years has been made on our side of the Atlantic. In many matters of improvement we could learn precious lessons from England, Germany, Switzerland and even Italy. In schools, primary, secondary, advanced and technical; in provision for popular culture and enjoyment; in hotels, and various other matters, their progress has been greater than ours. They have laid out vast sums to make life in their cities more civilized, and these sums have gone for the people and not for "rings." But now that we are rid of slavery, I trust that parties are to compete for popular favor by proposals for reform—in State, county and city—end first of all by civil service reform, which is evidently the next great question with us."

An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

If you wish to have your oil cloths look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel, and luke-warm water, and wipe perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are wiped drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them dry with a cloth.

PROF. D. E. BARTLETT, of Hartford, Conn., will again officiate for the deaf-mutes in Boylston Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday, July 22d, 1877, at 2½ P. M., and also in the evening. The deaf-mutes residing in the vicinity are cordially invited to attend.

—Some newspapers are wont to tickle the tastes of some of their readers with reverent remarks upon sacred matters. While it may evidence a certain degree of smartness, it also displays a lamentable lack of refinement, to say the least.—*Newa Falls Courier.*

no must have his hand at his finger ends. He must grow cooler in the degree that his patient gets scared. Many do not know what force of character means. They seem to have no backbone but to be only a mockery of the vertebral column, made of India rubber, equally pliant in all directions. Always brooding over their plans but never executing them, they remind one of Voltaire's sarcasm on La Harpe, whom he called an oven that was always heating up, but which never baked anything. They never get an inch because they are always hugging some cowardly maxim, which they can only interpret literally. Let everyone who would lead a life so abortive as the undecided, make up their minds what they wish and for what their talents are fitted, and having fixed on an object to be attained, let them give their whole soul to it, turning neither to the right nor to the left. This is what we call continuity. The greater part of all mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not understand their own

Mr. John C. Barsley, a very intelligent deaf-mute of Moscow, Ohio, one of those present, furnished some interesting facts with regard to this silent picnic party. Nearly all the mutes at the picnic were educated at the Institution at Columbus, Ohio, and write and spell more correctly than the average American citizen who can talk. There were some sixty mutes present, forty-six of them from this city. Many of them were married and had their children with them, which Mr. Barsley imitated in a comical way by making motions with his hand like stair steps. There was one old mute gentleman there who was seventy-six years old and had his grand children with him. What seems rather strange, the children of mute parents are hardly ever deaf and dumb. It is very wonderful how adroit intelligent mutes become in talking by gesture. They talk all over, with their hands, eyes, nose, hands and feet, so that they seem scarcely to need speech, or even the mute alphabet, to express their meaning.

On Saturday the deaf-mutes from the part of Ohio and the adjoining portion of Kentucky held a picnic on Price's Hill, and enjoyed it exceedingly, expressing themselves as having "a very splendid time." The picnic did not attract much outside attention at the time, from the fact that the party was not a very noisy one.

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Arrived at Tarrytown, a mute but happy procession climbed two by two over a steep sand hill to Washington Grove. There the afternoon was spent in the shade of the tall oaks in various pleasant ways. Some patronized the

"DEAR FRIENDS:—We are over-
with gratitude; we did not know the
deafmutes had so many friends. You
have done very much for our Industrial
Home. This will be permanent help
to the deafmutes. God bless you for
it. We knew you felt kindly toward
the deafmutes. We have fresh evidence of it. Our
hearts are too full to express all we feel
toward you. May you be happy because you have
helped others to be happy. We feel
especially indebted to the members of the
Christian Association. You have given
us your beautiful rooms without money
and without price. You have assisted
us in our fair. Many hands have made
light work. We desire particularly to
thank your excellent president for his
many favors and we beg to offer to him
for the Association, the framed picture

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a machine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally. 50-48

—Fine rain on Tuesday.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Illinois Deaf-Mute News.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS—"JOB'S COMFORTERS"—DOING MISCHIEF—AN ACCIDENT.

(From our own Correspondent.)
CLARENDON HILLS, Ill., July 9, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your correspondent is now out in a pleasant rural district, twenty miles west of Chicago, enjoying the western breezes that sweep the rolling prairies of this great State. Yesterday Rev. A. W. Mann was in Chicago and conducted religious services as usual in the morning and evening at St. James' Church. The mutes, with about eight exceptions, preferring to enjoy an extra Sunday morning snooze left Mr. Mann to preach to empty benches. Mr. Mann devoted part of the morning to an explanation of the forms of worship practiced by the Episcopalians and to the correction of sundry erroneous impressions in regard to that denomination.

In the afternoon there was an attendance of from 25 to 30 mutes, consisting principally of pupils at home for the vacation, and mutes from other States. Mr. Mann gave a description of his tour through Penn., Ohio, and Ky., in company with Rev. Thomas Gaudet, which was exceedingly interesting. He made a very gratifying exhibit of the progress of the work of the Church Mission to deaf-mutes. He held services in Newport, Ky., just across the river from Cincinnati. That was the first regular service for deaf-mutes ever conducted south of Mason and Dixon's line. The attendance, in spite of discouraging circumstances, was large. In Louisville, Ky., the interest and appreciation manifested in the labors in behalf of the spiritual welfare of the mutes was so great that Mr. Mann felt constrained to promise to come again. The field of his labors is rapidly enlarging.

After conducting service yesterday evening Mr. Mann and "Dixie" got aboard the train and came out to this little place to visit our genial friend, Mr. E. P. Holmes and his pleasant lady. They propose to go to Jacksonville soon to attend the reunion to be held there on Aug. 24. Mr. Mann returned to Chicago this morning from whence he will proceed to St. Louis to reconnoitre with a view to establishing a mission there.

Having obtained permission to use a room in Chicago Ave. church, the deaf-mutes will, until further notice, hold meetings regularly every Sunday for religious purposes. Prof. C. L. Williams will deliver a lecture next Sunday.

Mr. William Sullivan, who had been troubled somewhat with an attack of bronchitis, went up to Geneva, Wis., for rest and recreation, to recover his impaired health. He returned home a short time ago, looking quite plump. He is much better now.

Mr. Ed. Kingon, who had been traveling in the South, recently returned, and was warmly welcomed by his friends here. The climate down South seems to have altered his complexion a little.

Mr. John R. Cotton, who has been from time to time afflicted with boils, has been troubled with a tough customer on his foot for the past two or three weeks, that has kept him in the house and from the workshop. It is a severe trial to the patience of his soul. Poor fellow! He must be consoled somehow. (What consolation do you offer? Editor.)

Mr. Norval Barum met with what came near being a serious accident a short time ago. As he was making his way over a street crossing a grocery wagon, making a sharp and quick turn around a corner, knocked him down and rendered him insensible. He was struck in the side by one of the shafts of the wagon, and, in falling, received a severe blow on the head and the wheels ran over his hand. He was taken into a cigar store where he soon regained his consciousness. Some one offered to take him home, but he declined the offer. Finding that no bones were broken, he pluckily walked to a street car and went home alone. At last accounts he was doing very well, and will soon be all right again.

The JOURNAL and Advance have just made their appearance here. Mr. Holmes takes both and considers them very well come visitors. I must close now to discuss a fine country dinner. DIXIE.

Job Turner in New York.

Order I was the better utterance of the tall, fine-proportioned frame of Mr. Wm. O. Fitzgerald, the favorite of all the New York deaf-mutes; and when every one was comfortably seated, Mr. Fitzgerald gave a few glowing words to the audience in regard to Prof. Job Turner, and then named Mr. W. A. Bond as the presiding officer of the evening. Mr. Bond, after thanking Mr. Fitzgerald for the honor which he so generously conferred upon him, said he was always looking for Mr. Turner, for it was a pleasure to him to read the articles which weekly appear in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, over the signature of Job Turner. Mr. Turner, after being introduced, took for his "talk," the "Dignity of an Education," but it would be unnecessary for me to write every particular word. But for all, I'll only attempt to give those who have never seen Mr. Turner, a description of his person. Mr. Turner is short, finely-proportioned, with white hair intermingling slightly with locks of dark brown. His dark blue eyes with heavy, gray eyebrows, give to his maply presence a pleasant and dignified bearing. His features are even and finely cut, and his whole contour of face and figure denote self-poise, firmness and dignity of character. He has a full-sized, balanced head, with mental endowments strongly marked and of much strength and vigor, and in all he is marked with "Summer dignity" as well as "Andy Johnson honesty," with a few striking points of the "Daniel Webster head and nose."

Who Wrote This?

Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The commencement exercises of the above Institution were held on Tuesday, the 26th ult., at 3 p. m., in the chapel, which was well filled with people the most of whom were ladies, and the exercises were of a very interesting character. The following was the programme:

Opening address by Daniel Webster; "Summer has Come," recited in the sign language by Mary Earhart; "Children's Wishes," by Willie Feldpusch, Clara Sterne, Willie Boss and Annie Griffin; "Lip-Routing," Annie Griffin, A. C. Buckton and R. Underwood; "The Monkey in Boots," pantomime, John Smith; "The Psalm of Life," read orally, Harry J. Gill; Recitation in signs, Kate Bruck; "Mortality and Immortality," recited in signs, by J. A. Trundle, and Henrietta Wicks; "Mrs. Caudle and the Umbrella," read orally by Louisa Quarren-gasser; "The Burial of Moses," recited in signs by Laura V. Blair; "Oral Reading" with the Valedictory address, by George W. Veditz. The valedictory, by Mr. Veditz, was very interesting. The recitations in the sign language were pronounced by those who are qualified to judge, to be of superior character. "Sacred Silence," was very beautifully rendered by Miss Annie B. Barry, who is a successful teacher in this institution. The exercises were concluded by an address from Mr. Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, the newly-elected President of the Board of Visitors, who spoke in terms of praise of the present good condition of the school and of his confidence in its future.

In the First Class, Mr. C. Hill, the kind-hearted teacher, presented Mr. J. A. Trumble of the first division, and Mr. Edward Ramsay of the second division, with splendid gold pens for their having passed their examinations successfully in the highest degree. Mr. Hill has held his position as teacher for the past seven years, with great success, and is the best and most successful teacher in the institution.

The office of steward has been abolished by the Board of Directors, and the requirements are that the duties of that office shall devolve upon Mr. C. W. Ely, the principal. Mr. James H. Dean who has held the office of steward for the past eight years, has discharged his duties very faithfully. He is a gentleman of affable manners, always courteous, and we are deeply sorry that he has been removed. He is highly respected by all who know him.

Mr. Z. T. Brown, a tutor of this institution, has tendered his resignation, because he has other duties that demand his immediate attention.

All the pupils have arrived at their homes in safety, and before they left the institution, they all appeared to be in very good health and spirits. It is hoped that they will spend their holidays of two months pleasantly, and will enjoy themselves very much at their homes.

The new furnace will be built this summer in the rear of the building, and will probably be completed before the close of October.

On the 12th of June an excursion train, composed of thirteen coaches, filled with about six hundred people, left the depot at 6:50 A. M. for Washington, and Mr. Vernon, and met with a very dreadful accident near the Washington junction at Point of Rocks. We learned that a collision took place between the excursion train and the Winchester train consisting of three cars, and many persons were injured, some being killed instantly by the broken timbers of the demolished coaches, and others had their limbs broken and bruised seriously. Among the passengers were several distinguished persons who were proceeding to the White House at Washington to extend an invitation to President Hayes to be present at the next fair of the agricultural society.

Mr. A. B. Showman, who was a graduate of the Columbia Institution, was one of the passengers, and his many friends will be pleased to hear that he saved himself from being crushed to death, but he received a light blow on the forehead. He took a piece of walnut from the coach in which he was and brought it home, and sent it to a cabinet maker to be made into a cane, in memory of the dreadful collision. The cane looks very nicely, and on the handle it has a very pretty deer's horn. Mr. Showman has lived in this city for more than two years, and he has a very good business. He is a man of kindness and warmth of manner, by which he attracts a large circle of warm friends.

Frederick City, Md., July 9, '77.

Prof. Job Turner's Visit at River Point—One of Rhode Island's Famous Dinners.

RIVER POINT, R. I., July 13th, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Prof. Job Turner preached in Grace Church, July 8th, before quite a large audience of hearing individuals and a small sprinkling of deaf-mutes. For reasons unknown to the writer the person or persons who proposed to have an excursion, failed to keep their engagement, but not to have the Professor disappointed, Mrs. Lester and your correspondent took a short but pleasant sail with him down the bay, and partook of one of those excellent dinners for which little Rhode is so justly celebrated, and for which she has no cause for blushing. If any New Yorker doubts it, just let him step this way, and we will see what we can do to convince him of the truth of our assertion.

The Prof. left the evening of the 10th for New York, to attend a picnic up the Hudson. Truly yours,

AMY ROBERTS.

Letter from Lansing, Mich.

LANSING, July 9, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—This is a very healthy and pleasantly located town. Yesterday we had a few hours' rain, but to-day the weather is hot and the streets dusty. Wheat harvesting and haying are now being attended to by the farmers of this section.

I am working regularly in a cabinet shop. Two weeks ago the machinery was removed from the old shop to the large, new brick building which we now occupy, and where we are now working on furniture and stair railings and other job work. Business with us is very good. My employer lately hired some additional help for this summer and next winter.

On the 2d inst., in this town, your correspondent was united in marriage to Miss Ellen C. Lane by the Rev. George Duffield.

On the Fourth my wife and myself, and Mr. and Mrs. Boylan went to Jackson where about twenty deaf-mutes, besides our party, spent the day and witnessed the fire-works in the evening. Rev. A. W. Mann was with us. Mr. Mann, myself and wife left Jackson at 1 A. M., by train on the Jackson & Grand Rapids railroad, he for Grand Rapids, but we only as far as Hastings, where we visited my wife's family. They were surprised to see us, and we all enjoyed the visit. I left my wife to make a visit for a few days. We will soon go to house-keeping.

Mr. M. H. Kerr has bought a lot and a new house in the suburbs of Jackson. The lot is a fine one, the house quite tasty and surrounded by beautiful scenery. It also has a barn on it and the whole property is worth \$3,000. Mr. Kerr and his family took possession last month, I think. He is well known throughout this State as an artist of considerable ability.

I wish yourself and the JOURNAL much success.

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM H. BLOOD.

New York Letter.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—According to previous notice given in the JOURNAL, the fourth annual picnic of the Manhattan Deaf-Mute Literary Association took place yesterday at Tapanzee, a suburban village on the east of the Hudson river, a short distance above Tarrytown. For some days past this picnic had been the main subject of conversation among the deaf-mutes, and as it naturally follows on such occasions, every one was on the lookout for a clear sky and bright sunshine. A good many of them arose quite early to prepare themselves for the pleasure trip in store, and your readers may rest assured that they were not in the least disappointed; for just as daylight began to dawn, old Sol was determined that they should have their desire gratified. A more lovely day they could not have had.

I will here endeavor to give a satisfactory description of the incidents of the day as it is in my power to do, although I am not well posted as to the particular details. However, if my attempt proves a failure, I hope that my readers will excuse what may be lacking.

At eight o'clock in the morning the large and commodious steamer, Fort Lee, first touched at the foot of Eighth street, East river, and here quite a large number of deaf-mutes went on board. Then it went down the river and up to the Canal St. pier, where it stopped to take on more passengers. At last it reached the Twenty-Fourth street pier, where the third party got on board. Shortly after nine o'clock, the ropes were pulled in and the steamboat soon began to show signs of moving out into the middle of the river and plowing her way slowly up stream.

There was a great deal of hand-shaking on the boat and as I walked about to reconnoitre, I was very glad to meet some of my old schoolmates. I was quite surprised to see Prof. Job Turner among the company, for I had no idea that he would be with us. He arrived in the city early yesterday morning from Boston. He called at the Home to-day, and went over to Blackwell's Island with a friend. We hope that he will furnish the JOURNAL with the news about his visit here and there.

On its way up the river the Fort Lee passed the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and not a few were eager to get a good look at this particular point of attraction. We learn on good authority that there were about four hundred persons on board the boat, the majority of whom, we think, were deaf-mutes.

After about three hours on the water we reached the quiet village. What a striking contrast to the din, noise and tumult of this great crowded city. On leaving the boat we wended our way up the village streets until we came to a broad expanse of green, and as it was about dinner time we all prepared ourselves for the good things which we had brought with us. Some of the party sat down on the grass to eat, while others had tables and benches. There were some children at this picnic—the offspring of deaf-mute parents. After each and all had satisfied their appetites (which were made somewhat keen by the long sail), games were played, one of which was base ball. Music had been furnished for the pleasure of the speaking persons, and, as is always the case, dancing was not forgotten.

Thanks are due to Rev. John Chamberlain, Mr. Wm. A. Bond, (chairman of the Com. on Excursions), and others, for their kindness to the inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, who had previously received an invitation to accompany the association and its friends on this picnic. Of course they had an enjoyable time.

Some time after lunch was over, your correspondent with three friends went down into the woods of Tapanzee to gather ferns, a good supply of which we took home with us. On our way through

the woods we came across a bird's nest in which were two dead little ones. We carried this off with us.

We have space here to mention the names of only a few of the many who were at the picnic, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Prof. Job Turner, Messrs. John Wilkinson, W. S. Waters, W. G. Jones, (ex-students of the National College for Deaf-mutes), Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells and child, Messrs. G. S. Reynolds, J. A. Dunlap, Misses Sattie C. Howard, H. M. Connor, and others.

The whole company were soon busy in getting ready to return to the boat, which left Tapanzee some time after six o'clock. It was found that several of the deaf-mutes had been left behind, among them was the writer of this. Mr. W. A. Bond then gave orders to have the steamboat called back to the dock to take in the tardy ones. Much credit is due to Mr. Bond, for he was the most active and energetic of those who had charge of the concern, and from what we saw of him, we think that he bore his part with more than Herculean patience.

We leave out some of the incidents of the occasion for reasons best known to ourselves. From such a description as I have been able to give, your readers can judge for themselves whether or not we had a pleasant time.

The steamer did not get back to the city until long after night had spread her sable mantle over the earth. The ride down the river was quite delightful, as there was a cool breeze blowing. We reached home safe and well, about a quarter past ten o'clock, not very much fatigued with our day's pleasure. Some of our friends did not get home until later in the night. We hope that no mishaps befell any one. May we all live to enjoy another such picnic next year.

TAPANZEE.

New York, July 12, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner Resigns His Connection with the two Deaf-Mute Societies of Boston.

MR. EDITOR:—Please insert the following letter in the JOURNAL. It will be of interest to your readers, particularly in New England. It speaks for itself and needs no further comments from me.

J. T. TILLINGHAST.

AMERICAN ASYLUM, HARTFORD, Ct.,
June 22d, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TILLINGHAST:—I have to inform you that I have decided to withdraw from your society in Boston, and that you need not trouble me any more. I assure you, my dear sir, that I shall always wish you all well, but that I will not take part with either of the two societies in Boston. You will find me pretty firm in my decision. God prosper your society. I go to New York to-morrow morning. I am now having a nice time at the Asylum. Please tell your society so. I bid you good morning for the last time.

Yours truly,
JOB TURNER.

Elmira Convention.

SEVENTH BIENNIAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES,
AUG. 29 AND 30, 1877.

The Convention will open Wednesday, Aug. 29th, at 9 o'clock A. M., commencing, as far as decided, with the following

PROGRAMME.

The President's address. Reports of officers. Varied remarks by distinguished persons, deaf-mutes and others, during which important questions may be discussed.

Hon. Robert T. Turner,

MAYOR OF ELMIRA,

will open the morning session with a short speech.

Afternoon Session.

At 2 o'clock, the orator of the day, Prof. S. T. Greene of the Belleville (Canada) Institution for Deaf-mutes, or his substitute, Prof. T. H. Jewell of the New York Institution, will discourse upon subjects of interest and importance. Addresses by distinguished guests.

Wednesday Evening.

At 7:45 o'clock services for deaf-mutes and their friends will be held at Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Knight, Rector. The service will be read orally and interpreted by signs at the same time by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who will make an interesting address.

Thursday Morning.

At 7 o'clock, in the same church, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion, and short service before breakfast.

At nine o'clock sharp the association will assemble and proceed to the election of officers for the two years ending Aug., 1879.

It proposed to have an excursion to the marvelous

WATKINS GLEN.

The world-renowned gift of attractive wonder from Nature to the Empire State. Train leaves at 12:30 P. M., returning at 6:15 or 8:15, giving the excursionists six hours or more at the Glen.

Ladies and gentlemen attending will find a long duster handy, and are advised to bring one. The following hotels will receive deaf-mutes at the annexed rates:—

Rathbun House,	\$2.50
Pennsylvania House,	2.00
Homestead Hotel,	1.00
Pattinson House,	1.25
Frazier House,	2.50
Delevan House,	2.00

The two latter houses are opposite the depot, and both good places. The Rathbun is on Water St., and the best in town. The Homestead is on the same street, and is good for the price.

Elmira is reached by Delaware, Lackawanna & Western RR., from Utica and

Syracuse to Binghamton and thence by Erie railway; also from Scranton, Pa., and Albany and Susquehanna from Albany. The Lehigh Valley and Northern Central railroads carry passengers from Philadelphia and Pennsylvania points direct to Elmira. From New York city the Erie runs direct. From the West the Erie runs direct; and from Rochester via Northern Central railway is a good way to go.

Quite a number of deaf-mutes from Central and Northern New York expect to go on Tuesday to Geneva by the N. Y. C. & H. R. railroad, thence to Watkins by boat over Lake Seneca, and thence to Elmira by railroad. There are other connections which each attendant can study out from any railway guide book. The locality is made convenient to the Pennsylvania deaf and dumb, and it is expected many will attend from that State.

Efforts are being made to secure reduced fares on the principal lines.

Among the distinguished persons expected to be present are Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. I. L. Peet, Prof. Westervelt of the Western New York Institution, Rev. A. W. Mann of Ohio, Prof. Job Turner of Mass., and, if he arrives from Europe in time, Prof. Nelson of the Central New York Institution.

Let all who can, attend and have a pleasant and enjoyable time.

H. C. RIDER, Prest.

F. L. SELINEY, Sec'y.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, '77.
Mexican affairs still occupy thinking minds. The presence here of Senor Mata, the newly appointed minister from Mexico to the United States, has created something of a sensation. At a recent Cabinet meeting Secretary Evarts submitted official information received from Mexico to the effect that President Diaz has given orders to Gen. Trevino not to permit United States forces to invade Mexican soil in pursuit of marauders or for any other purpose. It was not long ago that Secretary Evarts announced his determination to pursue to any extent the next party of lawless marauders that crossed the Rio Grande and administer summary punishment; and now President Diaz comes to the front with an assertion that he will resist any such steps on the part of the United States with all the power of his government. This has rather a dubious appearance, considering the fact that our claims against Mexico amount to something like \$100,000,000.

The city is getting dull and quiet enough. The first of July saw but few families of the higher classes remaining in town. The first of all the "big bugs" go to Long Branch, Saratoga, and Newport. The next in the scale patronize less notable places—Cape May, White Mountains, various Springs and country places. Then come those families of moderate means, who go out of the city a few miles only, and board or take take rooms for the hot months. Others poorer, still, take cottages at Mt. Pleasant, Bladensburg or some other of the surrounding villages, the heads of the families coming into the city each morning to attend to business. All these have already departed from our midst, and now the new fiscal year is fairly under way and "running," the annual Department exodus is beginning; the languid clerks are preparing their linen dusters and broad brim hats, and eagerly writing applications for their month's leave; and soon the several Departments will have put on their usual dreamy, dozing, midsummer appearance. Already there are vacant desks enough to be noticeable.

Where all these hundreds of clerks take themselves is an unfathomable mystery. Those who belong in neighboring States very generally go home to spend their month, as well as some of the more prudent whose parents or relatives dwell farther away; but very many (poor things) are unable to save money to spend for a journey or for any sort of pleasuring. Others (a class not at all to be pitied) have only themselves to maintain, live in such extravagant ways that they can expend nothing even for a few weeks of country boarding—for which they really have no taste—and only shut themselves up at home, giving their houses as much the appearance of being closed up as possible, and pretend to be "out of town." Many of the young men make flying trips to fashionable watering places, drink champagne and smoke Havanas a day or two, at the expense of their whole month's savings, and for the next year talk about what they "did at Saratoga last summer," and how they lived "at Newport."

MARTHA M. WHITNEY.

The business failures for the United States for the first six months of this year were as follows: First half of 1877, number of failures, 4,749, liabilities, \$99,600,000; first half of 1876, 4,600, liabilities, \$108,415,000; first half of 1875, 3,353, liabilities, \$76,984,266. It is said that the failures for the first six months of 1876 were exceptionally large, and hence it is inferred that so far as the number is concerned, the failures of the first six months of 1877 are larger than for any previous similar period. In the aggregate of the liabilities the decline is noticeable, though for the last quarter the average indebtedness is more than maintained. The failures in New York city for the first six months of 1877 were 434, with liabilities of \$16,545,000, as compared with 442 and \$18,776,660 liabilities for the first six months of 1876.

According to Boyd's Directory of the city of Syracuse, which has just been issued, the population of the city is as follows: Males 26,459, females 27,937, an excess of females over males 1,473.

A total eclipse of the moon August 23d, visible in this part of the country.

Review of Gen. Grant's London Season.

Now that Gen. Grant is actually gone, and the long triumph of his reception has come to an end, says the Tribune's correspondent, I wish to repeat that his coming here has been of some real service to his country. It has really knit a little closer the ties that bind England and America. In some of the talk on this subject there has been a trace of exaggeration; but put exaggeration aside, and enough remains to be of substantial value. It is one other benefit which Gen. Grant has conferred on his country. He has taken as little as possible of the glory to himself; it is for the republic and in the name of his fellow-citizens that he has invariably accepted the many marks of attention and affection bestowed on him. In his demeanor there has been nothing to criticize and much to admire. In the friendship shown him, in the honors laid at his feet, there has been a sincere wish on the part of Englishmen of all classes to show their goodwill and respect for the Chief Magistrate, for the General, and for their own kindred across the ocean; and Mr. Pierrepont, let me add, has managed matters well, as a whole. If he has made mistakes, there is nobody who would have been likely to go through so novel and difficult a duty without making some.

Strikers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

NEW YORK, July 17.—A Baltimore dispatch says a switch was misplaced at Locust Point on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, thought to be by a striker. The morning engine was damaged and the trestle broken down.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 17.—In response to a dispatch from Vice President King for aid to protect trains at Martinsburg, West Virginia, Gov. Matthews has ordered the two military companies which are fully supplied with arms and ammunition, to keep the peace and under orders of Col. Faulkner, the Governor's Aid-de-Camp, to suppress the riot and protect the property of the railroad company.

An eighteen car freight train was thrown off the track in South Baltimore this morning, several cars were smashed and the engine partly burned, the engineer and fireman were slightly injured.

MARTINSBURG, W. Va., July 17.—Col. Faulkner with 75 men of the Berkeley light infantry, arrived with loaded muskets and took charge of one of the west bound freight trains that had been detained by strikers here, and placing his men on board, attempted to move it on its way west. Strikers and their friends were at the company's yards in large numbers as the train started in charge of the engineer and one of the newly appointed firemen. The men on the train were fired upon by the mob and one of the soldiers were wounded. The military returned the fire and killed one of the rioters. This was followed by the wildest excitement, some of the strikers were wild with rage, while fear was depicted upon the faces of many in the crowd.

The strikers after the affairs with the military cut the couplings of the cars rendering it impossible to move the train.

Two new Chinese ports have recently been opened to commerce—Hoihow and Pakoi. Hoihow, on the Island of Hainan, has a population of 12,000 Chinese and 12 foreigners. The island is peopled by a million Chinese and 40,000 savages. The exports are sugars, betel nuts, leather, sesamum seeds, &c., Pakoi has about 10,000 inhabitants. The trade is in sugar, anise-seed, indigo, &c. The imports of these places are chiefly opium, T-cloths, shirtings, &c.

The Washington Republican, of Saturday, relates the following touching incident: "There was an application made yesterday for employment in the government Printing Office by a lady who had been raised in affluence, was an excellent musician, and had mastered several languages. Superintendent DeFeers, somewhat embarrassed by the application, told the lady he had no work in his office fitting one of her attainments, when, with tears in her eyes, she said that she was willing to do any menial service, even if it were scrubbing the floors, so that she might earn an honest living. The incident serves to illustrate the amount of poverty and wretchedness in and around Washington."

Reports from 361 counties, producing six tenths of the cotton of the United States, indicate the crop to be 4 per cent. less than last year's crop as estimated in July. The average in Louisiana is higher than last year's. In all other States it is lower. The overflow of the Arkansas river drowned out 60,000 acres of the staple. The cut worm in Florida and wet weather in most of the cotton producing States are among the causes of general decrease. The first bale of new cotton was sold in New York Monday.

Ex-Governor Tilden, now summering at Sea Girt, N. J., visited Freehold Saturday afternoon. His party drove to the battle ground, being afterwards entertained by ex-Governor Parker. In the evening a large body of citizens serenaded Tilden at Parker's residence. He acknowledged the compliment, after which citizens pressed up to shake hands, being introduced by Governor Parker. The ceremony lasted an hour. The demonstration was very enthusiastic.

The Rochester Express says that "The Buskey" is the name of an epidemic that is raging in Syracuse, and it is the principal point of conversation in society circles there.

The Colosse factory is making cheese from about 975 cows.

The Eastern War.

LONDON, July 17.—A dispatch from Obentenik says, after blockading the fortresses of Quadrilateral one hundred thousand men are available for crossing Balkans by the Western line of invasion exclusive of Zimmerman's army in the East.

Bucharest is the great central depot and contains great stores of meal. Sislova will be the intermediate, and Timova the advance depot for the Russians.

A rapid advance on Rustchuk does not seem imminent, the cavalry forming outposts, extending from a point on the Danube, 12 miles west of Rustchuk to forty miles inland facing the Turkish foremost position on the river Lom.

A small reconnaissance was pushed forward, but the mass of divisions has been stationary about a week.

A Constantinople dispatch states that the railway communication on the Adriatic line has been suspended for everything except troops.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 17.—It is officially announced that the reported attack of the Turkish monitors on Sistova bridge is untrue.

SHUMIA, July 17.—The Turks evacuated and the Russians have occupied Medjidie and Mangolia in Dobruza.

Dispatches to-day allege the Turks retreated from Zanzigra on the Adriatic. The Russians are firmly established on a commanding position in Kusanik Pass, an early Russian attack on Adrianople is anticipated.

Not Hydrophobia.

During the past week we have heard constant rumors to the effect that Oscar Pelton, who last fall was bitten by a dog chained in E. W. Ross's yard in this village, had been attacked with hydrophobia. The fact that Pelton was sick was the only foundation for this rumor. True he was badly bitten, but the wound healed and he has experienced no trouble from it, and we are assured by Pelton and his wife, and also by his physician, Dr. D. Pardee, that there is not the shadow of foundation for the sensational report that he is the victim of the terrible malady, hydrophobia. It is of course very unpleasant to him, and he requests us to deny the report. The dog which bit Pelton is, we understand, kept chained and has given no evidence during the months that have elapsed, of being rabid.—Fulton Patriot.

A Monster Sea Serpent

A writer in the Watertown Times while sailing in company with some young ladies on Chaumont Bay last week, saw a huge sea serpent which "appeared to him to be about the size of the 'hull' of a small schooner. He says:

"You can imagine the consternation that appeared on the countenances of the whole party, when the serpent seemed to turn and come directly toward us. The head seemed to raise to the height of at least 20 feet, and immediately we heard a tremendous roar, the forward feet of the monster beginning to beat the water in front of him, creating a foaming and roaring which sounded like tremendous falls. The tail of the animal, which seemed to be at least 20 or 30 feet in length, was lashing the water in all directions."

Somebody has invented a very ingenious contrivance for scaring the flies away from a dinner or other table. It consists of an upright revolving shaft, which supports and revolves two fans, which scares and drives all the flies from the table. Placed in the center of the table, the fans revolve above the dishes, and so high up as not to interfere with the people sitting around it. Those who have witnessed its operations pronounce it a complete success

Reap Ripe Fruit, Oh, Death.

Kiss not the opening bud, Oh, Death,
And seal its unseemly beauty with decay.
Chill not life's current in its joyous flow,
Till all life's brightest things have passed away.

Fold not your pinions Death,
Where flowers in ripening beauty bloom;
Pass on where falling petals strew the ground,
And bear them to the tomb.

Bind not the growing grain within your sleaf,
Oh, Death,
Tough not the young and fair, nor cast your
shadow on their way.

Thou canst not bind their glorious beauties too,
Within your grasp all beauty drops, and fades
in swift decay.

Then reap ripe fruit, Oh, death,
And gently gather in your sheaf, the whitened
grain;

With them life's strongest ties are surely loosed,
Eternal love alone, can bind them firm again.
HARRIETTE KILLAM REMELE.
New Haven.

She got rid of the Lightning-Rod Peddlers.

We learn of a plucky woman living near Tabor, Iowa. She was a widow living on a farm, and when the Northwestern Lightning-Rod men came around she signed an order for a rod to be put up on the main part of her house. When the workmen came to put it up, they wanted to put a rod on the wing. She did not want a rod there, and told them so; but they still insisted on putting it up, and did put it up. Then they came in and wanted the lady to sign the note for the payment of the whole. She refused to do so, when they began to threaten her, and at last became violent toward her. Then she picked up a stick of wood and hit one of them across the face. The other came to his comrade's assistance, but the courageous woman presented a shot gun and the fellow left.

About the Fly

When a Congress street woman answered the door-bell yesterday, she found a stranger on the step. He had a bundle in his hand, a smile on his face, and he said:

"Madame, can I sell you some fly-paper?"

"Does the paper fly?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, but it makes the flies fly."

"What do I want the flies to fly for?" she continued.

"Every fly, madam—he was explaining, when she called out:

"I want you to fly! I can get along with flies better than with agents."

"But I am not on the fly," she softly protested.

"Our dog is," she grimly replied, and so he was. He flew around the corner, the agent flew for the gate, the roll of fly-paper flew over the curb, and a news-boy climbed a tree-box to be out of the muzz, and shouted:

"She flew, thou flyest, he fled, and I believe the dog got a piece of meat with that coat-tail!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ If we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears but shame—let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be tomorrow? What weak heart, confident before the trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible.

☞ Dog-killing has been reduced to a science in the large cities. New York gathers in the worthless curs by the hundred, and drowns them in iron cages dipped into the waters of the bay. Philadelphia adopts the Parisian system, under which the doomed dogs are placed in a comfortable looking room, where charcoal fumes quickly do for them.

False Impression.
It is generally supposed by physicians and the people generally that Dyspepsia cannot invariably be cured, but we are pleased to say that GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER has never, to our knowledge, failed to cure Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint in all its forms, such as Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, bad taste in the mouth, &c. Out of the 50,000 dozen bottles sold last year, not a single failure was reported, but thousands of complimentary letters received from druggists of wonderful cures. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. For sale by John C. Taylor, druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

Facts and Fancies.

Roll call—the cry of the baker.

To make light of anything—Set it on fire.

Love struck—When a man's wife hits him with a chair.

The burglar is particularly a man of exits and entrances.

The shortest route to the cholera-morbus is by the cucumber line.

Fishermen generally try to worm into the good graces of the fish.

It would seem as if the favorite smoking habit should be the "plug."

The ticking of a watch does not require that it should be a spring bed.

There is a turn for the better in hand organs—They are becoming fencer.

It is so very hard to part as the saw said when it broke its teeth against a nail.

The mountains won't come to the city, so half the city is going to the mountains.

Farmers this year are getting as large a crop of wagons as ever from the axletrees.

An original poem read by a school girl in Adrian, Miss., had 300 twelve-line verses.

The birds seem to refuse to live on the potato bugs on principle, whether they rise early or not.

There are fifty species of owls in the world without counting young men who don't go home till morning.

One of the fashions in gentlemen's coats now at the watering places is, for the sleeve to fit tightly round the girl's waist.

"It is not loud praying which counts with the Lord so much as giving four full quarts to the gallon."—*Rev. John Wile, of Little Rock.*

They now use the hitherto much lauded plaster to wrap up that part of the family ice they can't get in the refrigerator.

The fat man shows a more philanthropic and affectionate interest in the thermometers than his brethren of leaner proportions.

It takes five thousand hornets to weigh a pound, but one can conduct himself in such a manner as to appear to weigh over a ton.

The largest hand in New Hampshire belongs to a woman. She has been married a number of times, and her husbands all die of concussion of the brain.

A Philadelphia firm has just shipped a lot of bull-frogs to Germany. Frogs talk in German, and their language touches the heart through the stomach.

A darkey last week stole a mirror in Manayunk, and was sent up for three months. This affords another illustration of the danger of taking a glass too much.

A mess of cucumbers and a mule's heel planted directly in a man's stomach, generally causes him to beautifully illustrate spherical and curvilinear geometry.

Journalists write only on one side of paper at all times. It will be remembered that in the business of filling up and endorsing, checks are written on both sides.

At a wooden wedding in a neighboring city, recently, an immense cake, that was reserved to the last, was found, when cut, to be a cheese box covered with icing.

If it were not for the pleasure of reading the original poetry sent the paper a newspaper editor who can't get away in summer would find life as cheerless and desolate as an ash-heap.

The salaries of base ball players are on the decline, and many now think they might as well have been governors of States or presidents of colleges for all the money they make.

"What a small and insignificant thing," he said, looking at it the next morning as it tried to creep away filled with his life's blood, "can change the couch of rest into a bed of thorns."

There are different ways of getting rid of obnoxious neighbors, but probably giving their little boys a tin horn and drum, or learning to play on the accordion is about the best that could be adopted.

In Florida no one armed or one-legged man is taxed in any business he may enter into, except the selling of liquor, and yet it is in this latter where one arm, and most of all one leg, would find the hardest time to get along.

A child has recently been born in Scotland with two stomachs. His growing up and operations at the family board is awaited with feverish anxiety. As a boarder he will certainly seal the doom of many hash-house keepers.

The rule of Secretary Sherman that no two of a family shall be employed in so much of the government service as is under his control, cannot affect the position of man and wife, because they, according to well established precedent, are both one.

Half the fools in the United States think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick; two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the ministers preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editors running the newspapers.

Inscrutable Old Party—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station." Conductor—"I did try, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria; get children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

Among some nations of the earth the women used to do all the pioneer work, fighting, etc. The custom has still some adherents in married life, as may be seen by the number of wives who walk along the streets swinging their parasols while their better halves walk behind pushing the baby carriage.

An old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in town. The old lady replied: "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling there, what is?"

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ITALWAYS CURES.

A Good Reason for Happiness.

On the 13th of September, 1876, a man of middle age and gentlemanly appearance—his face beaming with pleasure—entered Dr. Kennedy's office and inquired of the patients in waiting if the Doctor was in. Being answered in the affirmative, he took a chair to await his turn for an interview. In due time the Doctor reached the stranger and said: "Well, my good friend, what can I do for you?" Whereupon the visitor replied: "My name is Washington Monroe. I live in Catskill, Greene county, N. Y., and have come to Rondout for no other purpose than to see and thank you for what you have already done for me—by means of your medicine, the Favorite Remedy. As I see you are very busy I will state the facts in my case in as few words as possible. For many years I had suffered from a complaint which the physicians whom I had consulted concerning it agreed in calling Gravel. I successively employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded as hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally, my wife induced me to try a bottle of your Favorite Remedy, which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in our village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and—to make a long story short—I am now a grateful, happy, and (as far as I know) as healthy a man as there is in the country.

Since then I have gone on circulating my story and recommending your medicine to others of my acquaintance whom I knew to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and although the assertion may be doubted by the ignorant and incredulous, I assure you, sir, and through you to the public, that the Favorite Remedy has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance. I thank you, Doctor, for your medicine, and I rejoice in the good fortune which led you to discover and circulate it; and it is my hope, and that of others I know, that you may be spared to introduce the Favorite Remedy into every part of the country. It is just what suffering mortals need. You are at liberty to make mention of my case in any way you may think best, and I trust that some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it, and try the Favorite Remedy, as I did."

Mr. Monroe's case—although remarkable—is only one of many similar ones which might be cited, were it necessary. To those who ordinarily call in question the genuineness of the mass of testimonials, it may be worth while to point out the fact that the case above cited is located within about twenty miles of the city in which the Favorite Remedy is manufactured, and can be easily contradicted if untrue in any particular. Remember the name: Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Price, One Dollar. 36-4.

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